



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

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Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head tending to apoplexy, dyspepsia, fever and ague, dropsy, pimples and blotches, scrofulous humors and sores, tetter, ring worm, white swelling, erysipelas, sore eyes and for young men suffering from weakness or debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for dyspepsia, dizziness, weakness and kidney disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest blessings.

Mrs. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.

Sold by George T. Wood at \$1 per bottle.

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62 Vesey Street, N. Y.



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188 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last—No One Need Suffer!

A sure cure for blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five or thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions instruments and electrics do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment; I have used scores of pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave me such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment.

For sale by George T. Wood or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,

62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Skin Diseases Cured

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic, pimples, black head or grubs, blotches and eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures itch, barber's itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, sore lips, old obstinate ulcers and sores, &c.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,

62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

For blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerated piles, Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure. Price \$1, by mail. For sale by George T. Wood, druggist.

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Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. n17.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

News of a Veteran Navigator on Its Improvement.

Editor Vicksburg Herald: Please allow me through the columns of your paper, to address a few words to the planters of the Mississippi Valley.

These people have been my trusted friends and patrons for more than half a century through all the years of peace, war and pestilence; and in prosperity and adversity alike they have ever manifested a feeling of friendship and earnest good will toward me, the remembrance of which I shall ever cherish with the kindest emotions, and with a pleasurable pride that, during my life time, I have at least been esteemed a worthy object of so royal a people's regard.

With me friendship is no superficial sentiment, expressed in meaningless words from the lips of the man who knows little else of you than name. But it is an honest impulse, resulting from personal predilections, as interested suggested by the kindest motives, and a feeling inspired by the most congenial and intimate association. The impulse, my friends in the Valley know, has ever been the tenor of my conduct in respect to them and their varied interests, and in this spirit do I now address them.

To them permit me to say: My friends, your fate is indeed a hard one. In your convention your members of congress declared to you in unmistakable language that they could neither vote for or entertain any resolution as to the improvement of the Mississippi river, calculated to benefit you, unless the same should meet the approval of the Mississippi River Convention.

Neither could such resolution or suggestion be submitted to the action of congress unless approved by the Mississippi River Commission; then again, your representatives in congress, a few days since, had the assurance to forward deliberate instructions to the Mississippi legislature positively commanding them to refuse peremptorily to vote for any and all schemes looking to the adoption of the outlet system.

Now, why not let the jetty system stand upon its own intrinsic merits, if it has any, and at the same time give to the "Cowdon plan" a fair and impartial hearing before the public in all its application thereto? But then the members of the River Commission before a Congressional Committee the other day, informed you and the country at large, that an outlet through Lake Borgne would work untold disaster to the county situated along the banks, as it would create a general overflow in that region.

Now will Major Harrod please exhibit to the thinking and observing people of the valley the map showing the particular section that would be submerged in the successful completion of the outlet indicated? As for myself, I can see nothing to be affected by it save Lake Borgne itself, which is only an arm of the Gulf of Mexico. With Captain Eads and his fatal and ruinous applications of "science" rests the responsibility of choking up the mouth of the Father of Waters.

His mattresses, piles, rocks and other obstructions have succeeded most effectually, in closing up the natural outlet of the Mississippi, so that now the only remedy suggested by the plain unvarnished dictates of common sense for the escape of this great body of water, without detriment to the country, is to give it free exit through Lake Borgne, thus relieving the Valley and improving navigation accordingly.

Unless this done it will be forced to seek some other outlet, and the result will be that it will burst over its banks and rushing blind over the land, devastate the whole country within its reach, while the ruined population will be compelled to flee to the hills for that protection which the policy of credulence has robbed them of at home.

Just now the A chafalaya is the only

outlet the Mississippi has to assist its miserable sluggish mouth, and even this one is too small for the necessary requirements of its discharging process. I do not hesitate to say that the present trouble from high water below and above and everywhere, should be laid at the door of the Seven Wise Men that call themselves the Mississippi River Commission, and their grand high priest, Mr. Eads.

The miserable little funnel which these gentlemen claim to be 600 feet wide and 26 feet deep is not as large as the Kanawha river when it is full, and yet, muzzled as it is expected to carry off the waters of one of the wildest and biggest and grandest rivers in the world.

Just now there can be no relief from the packets. The greatest suffering is back in the region where the steam boats can not reach. The desolation witnessed by me on the lower coast coming up last trip beggars description. I have seen whole droves of cattle huddled together on portions of levees so insignificant that one would expect to see them swept away with every passing wave.

On that trip I saw hundreds of people whose every effort was absolutely necessary to the protection of their own lives, and the abandonment of everything else. They had lost, and were satisfied to lose everything in the world if their lives were spared them.

The crevasses in Point Coupe are by no means equal to the emergency and they are unable to materially lessen the rise of the water below. The mouth of the river is gagged with a hundred obstructions, and there is no hope for the poor planter of the Valley.

Let the people take this matter in their own hands, prosecute the subject to the bitter end, and give those who would delude them into the false theories of a most defective science no quarter, no countenance, and naught save the contempt they deserve.

T. P. LEATHERS.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

The Flooded South as Seen by One Eye Witness.

Cleveland Herald.

Mr. J. H. Bradlee, of this city, returned yesterday from a two months' trip through the flooded districts of the South. "People up here have no idea of the terrible state of things," said he. "Such sights and suffering of man and beast beggars description. On Saturday morning I left Little Rock by rail to Madison, forty miles from Memphis. We were eleven hours going a hundred miles, in many places the water covering the track for miles. At Madison we took the steamer Rene McCready down the St. Francois to the Mississippi and up to Memphis. Here the water spread out nearly sixty miles wide, on an average of fifteen feet deep, and in many places much deeper. In the midst of these waters were villages and farms almost deserted by all except the live stock. We saw in one place a narrow strip of land about a hundred yards long and six to fifteen feet wide. This was crowded with sheep and cattle and hogs crazy with suffering, devouring each other like ferocious beasts. Where there was any chance of keeping stock on land it was rapidly dying of buffalo mits. We saw houses where the water reached above the second floor. From one of these two men in a dugout or small boat came out and picked up a dead animal that floated on the water and carried it back to the starving inmates of the houses. On a raft in a small inlet we saw sixteen mules and started to take them aboard, but found them raving so fearfully and acting like mania brutes that we dared not go near. Several hogs that were sitting on a log in the midst of the water left it and swam up to our boat crying almost like a human. Such screams I never want to hear again. As we left them they would swim back to the stump. From one of the houses a man came out with a letter for Memphis. He said his wife had just died of starvation, and for heaven's sake to send him help."